

MISCELLANIES

OR

Eng. Poetry vol. 17.

AMUSEMENTS,

IN

Verse and Prose



Trahit sua quemq; Voluptas. Virgil.

By Mr. BEZALEEL MORRICE.

L O N D O N,

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MISCELLANIES

O R

AMUSEMENTS

IN

Veris and Pious



Trans. for Queen's College, Virgin.

BY MR. BENJAMIN MORRIS

L O N D O N

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The Preface.

THE Noblest and Truest End of Poetry and Writing in general is, I think on all Hands allow'd to be the Delight and Instruction of the Reader. --- Poetry more particularly lays it's Claim to the first of these, yet whatever in it is offensive to Truth, Decency, or those Things which most justly claim the Regard of the more rational Part of Mankind; is with the utmost Caution to be avoided. Nor indeed can a lasting or real Satisfaction flow from any thing

The Preface.

of this Nature, much less can it procure any Esteem. --- I think the most celebrated and during Pieces of this kind are sufficient Instances of what I say; as for the Method both in Style and Manner which we ought to take to attain this End, the Antients undoubtedly afford us the best Example: Nor can the Prejudice of Custom perswade the discerning and disinterested Reader, or bias his Mind to believe the contrary. And I hope if in these few Trifles of mine, I have manifestly eudeavour'd to pursue this Purpose, my proper Zeal (with the Candid and Ingenious) will make Atonement for all the Defects of my mean Ability.

To

(12)

To LOVE.

Auspicious Love thy genial gentle
Rays
Relieve (with blest Content) our toylsome Days,
Each anxious Thought thy joyful Presence
shuns,
As dismal Shades of Night the Morning Sun's;
All less Concerns at thy Approach depart,
And yield the full Dominion of the Heart.
Unpolish'd Natures, savage, rough, and wild,
Taught and improv'd by thee grow soft & mild:
All Things submit to thy prevailing Charms,
And feel and own the Force of thy Alarms.

At thy Command great Love, and in thy Aid
The Soldiers fight contented tho' unpaid.

The Counsellors (unfeed) thy Cause main-
tain,

The Merchants trade with thee depriv'd of
Gain.

Gen'ral Obedience does thy Power declare,
Thine, Arms and Arts and all Professions are;
Thou ever claim'st a wond'rous Share in
Man;

And dos't almost ingross his total Span,

Affist soft Potent God, to Thee I kneel,

With firm Devotion and assiduous Zeal,

I lov'd in dawn of Life, (was thine so soon)

And still adore Thee at my instant Noon,

My constant faithful Service now regard,

And grant for all my Pains this one Reward.

I seek not Wealth, nor wou'd immortal grow,
 What Avarice, or Ambition can bestow
 (Thy Slave profess'd) with Freedom I resign;
 But make my dearest *Clelia* only mine.

The Choice.

WHile I possess my *Clelia* and my Glass,
All worldly Things beside unheeded
pass.

Pleas'd with my Choice, I full Contentment find,
And scorn the grosser Joys of dull Mankind.
Let them whose mighty Wisdoms think it fit,
Revile and say, I ill employ my Wit ;
Spurr'd on by wild Desires still madly run,
Renounce repose and toil to be undone :
Blindly the Charms of Wealth and Power adore,
On dangerous Seas and ev'ry adverse Shore,
Such Trifles ne'r my solid Mind can please,
Bless'd with my Nymph Security and Ease.

Cupid

Cupid and the Bee from Anacreon.

AS wanton *Cupid* on a Day

Among the *Roses* chanc'd to stray,

He stumbl'd on a slumb'ring *Bee*,

Which stung the careless *Deity*.

Mov'd highly at a Pain so fore,

He fiercely wept, he stamp'd and tore;

With utmost Speed of Feet and Wings,

To *Venus* he the Tidings brings.

Oh oh I swell, I burst, I dye,

The little God did raving cry.

A winged *Serpent* call'd a *Bee*

(See dear *Mamma*) has murder'd me;

Says *Venus* if so small a Thing

Can so much Pain and Anguish bring,

Think heedless *Cupid*, think what Smart

Ensues when you transperse the Heart.

To

To his Mistress on Sighing.

GO tender Sighs, and like a Southern Wind
Dissolve the frozen Temper of her
Mind.

What awful Love the flammering Lips denies,
And more than it affords the speaking Eyes,
'Tis ye alone have Freedom to declare;
It's gentle kind Ambassadors ye are.

Go then with Speed unto my lovely Foe,
And let Her my unfeign'd Submission know;
In humble Terms intreat her to lay down,
The furious Arms of each opposing Frown.

What need of War since ev'ry yielding Thought
Is now to Duty and Subjection brought?

Boldly with these allow'd Designs appear,
Approach the beauteous Confines of her Ear.
Thence

Thence softly steal a Passage to her Heart,
 And all my Sufferings freely there impart.
 Each Hope, each Fear, each fond Desire display,
 And tell her more than fluent Tongues can say.

Song

SONG.

I Gaze, I sigh, and softly vow
 Love to a chosen Fair;
 Thou beating Heart instruct me how
 My Passion to declare.

Say shall I write or shall I speak
~~And boldy stand the Trial;~~
 No sure thou tender Thing would'st break
 At any hard Denial.

A plain sincere and gen'rous Mind
 Is ever least secure.
 And what it merits not to find,
 It knows not to endure.

The

The Story of Venus and Adonis.

The Argument.

Venus being suppos'd to have made an Appointment to meet Adonis, is possess'd with a wonderful Impatience and Uneasiness till she accomplishes her Intent. But he (preferring his Recreation which was hunting before the Charms of the Goddess, is no less negligent and remiss concerning it.

Venus therefore missing her Lover at the Place and Time appointed, runs after a wild frantic manner in quest of him; But perceiving it in vain returns, and being spent with her Fatigue, addresses her self to Sleep.

Adonis appears, to her twice in a Dream wounded and bloody, upon which she wakes very much compos'd, and part of her Loves, who were sent about during her Repose, having found him, return with him.

The Goddess (calling to Mind her Dream) addresses her to him, and adjures him for her sake to regard his Safety, and avoid all manner of Prospect of Danger in his Sports, or rather wholly to abando them, and devote himself to her and her Embraces as the most compleat Happiness. But he (careless and negligent still as well of her Advice as her Beauty,

Beauty) pursues his Course after his usual manner, and receives his Destiny from the Fury of a wild Boar.

WAnting *Adonis* there, the Queen of
Love

Finds no Delight in her Abode above ;
The Residence of Gods affords no Joy,
Without the Presence of the lovely Boy ;
She leaves with eager Haste her lofty Seat,
For a more wish'd for, and obscure Retreat :
In *Ida's* Grove there is a secret Place,
To Love devoted, and its kind Embrace :
Which (still invested with a grateful Shade)
None other raging Heat did use t' invade ;
With springing Grass the teeming Earth is
spread,

And various Flowers form a fragrant Bed :
Close by, a softly stealing Stream complains,
As if it self conceiv'd a Lovers Pains ; On

On each green Sprig the Turtles coo and bill,
 And the pleas'd Ear with gentle Murmurs fill:
 Thither the Goddess often does resort,
 Her Heav'n neglected and the Paphian Court;
 There now she seeks (the Cause of all her
 Care)
 The blooming Youth, but ah no Youth was
 there.
 Th' appointed Time was past, th' exalted Sun
 To th' utmost Summit of his Course was run:
 Yet he perverse, with unrelenting Pace
 Pursues the Savage Pleasures of the Chace,
 Thoughtless of Love and of her dear Embrace.
 But she who does her tenderest Thoughts em-
 ploy,
 Wholly on Love and on the long'd for Joy;

Full

Full of her self cannot her self contain,
 But runs from thence impetuous on the Plain,
 Stops ev'ry Nymph and presses ev'ry Swain:
 Some Tydings of the ling'ring Boy to know,
 And what th' Occasion that He prov'd so slow?
 Her Voice, and Eyes, and eager Steps proclaim,
 The fierce Impatience of the Heavenly Dame:
 So flies the wounded Deer along the Plains,
 Seeking Redress, while of it's cruel Pains
 The fatal Cause fixt in it's Side remains:
 Unto each craggy steep Ascent she goes,
 Whose tow'ring Hight a distant Prospect
 Shows.
 In frantic Mode with loose dishevell'd Hair,
 And to th' injurious Sun her Face and Bosom
 bare:
 Careless of Beauties which so meanly charm,
 And heedless (in his Cause) of ev'ry Harm.
Long

Long with industrious Pace She seeks in vain
 The negligent Inspirer of her Pain :
 Wary'd at length with Toil and faint with
 Heat,
 Repairs again to her cool shady Seat ;
 Hoping by Sleep's soft gentle Charms to find,
 A Solace to relieve her harrafs'd Mind,
 Or faint Idea of that Blifs to gain,
 For which she waking sigh'd so long in vain :
 Now all to busy ruffling Winds expos'd,
 She lyes — each Grace and ev'ry Charm dis-
 clos'd ;
 Around each Part th' enamour'd Breezes play,
 And steal new Sweetness from each Part away :
 The crowding Trees stand wond'ring at the
 Sight,
 And shake their leafy Limbs and tremble with
 Delight.

B

The

The curling River gently passing by,
 Exalts his Head and casts his crystal Eye;
 Transported view's the Grace of ev'ry Limb
 Catching it's dear Resemblance in his Stream:
 Each am'rous Turtle now more am'rous grows,
 And in redoubled Moans it's Passions shews,
 The Nymphs repine the Satyrs softly creep,
 And silent thro' th' inclosing Verdure peep;
 With rav'nous Fancy each devours the Joy,
 Reserv'd alone for the regardless Boy.
 The little Loves silent and anxious all
 Obsequious wait their Mistress Mother's call;
 Part guard her while she sleeps the Rest prepare
 To seek the Darling Youth with utmost Care:
 For now the soft prevailing God his Mace
 Lays on each Limb, and in her Heav'nly Face
 Shuts up the radiant Glories of her Eyes,
 Yet perfect Conquest anxious Thought denies.

By

By Fits she shakes him from her troubled

Breast,

With fearful sad prophetic Dreams oppress :

No sooner had soft Slumber seiz'd the Dame,

(Ever within her Thoughts) *Adonis* came,

But ah how alter'd? how unlike the same?

His stupid Eyes distort'd widely stare,

Pale were his Cheeks and clotted was his

Hair,

His feeble Limbs with Dirt besmear'd around,

And Blood in Streams flow'd from a direful

Wound;

From stammering Lips some broken Accents

fell,

He sigh'd and bid eternally farewell:

Each affrighted Goddess mighty Efforts made,

Striving to grasp the lovely dismal Shade;

But all alas were vainly loss'd in Air,
 Waking she finds no sad Resemblance there.
 She starts and pries the gloomy Grove around
 But of her Dearest when no sign she found
 She to perswasive Sleep again reclin'd,
 Again the gasty Vision haunts her Mind.
 Again with Blood and Dirt obscene appears,
 The dismal long Farewell again she hears.
 Then (rising) from her the false God she
 shakes,
 And woful and tormenting Slumber breaks
 Cold shiv'rings o'er each fainting Limb prevail
 And mighty Ills her trembling Heart assail
 As grievous Cares the tender Mothers find,
 Who lastly have (for tempting Gain) resign'd
 Their darling Sons to ev'ry Wave and Wind

By Fame inform'd (by cruel Billows toss'd)
 That they and all their hop'd for Wealth are
 loss'd ;
 Each sadly mourns her Youth's suspected Fate,
 And curses Gold's prevailing Charms too late ;
 Now longs again to clasp him in her Arms,
 Secure him there from all imagin'd Harms ;
 There hold him fast in a perpetual Strain,
 And never never trust him thence again.)
 Just such appear'd the Goddess woful Case,
 Such Grief and such Concern in her sad Breast
 took place.
 But now the Loves (by ranging all around)
 The long'd for and lamented Youth had found ;
 And closely by his side Attendant came,
 And introduc'd him to the wishing Dame :

Upon the dear the tempting Boy she flies,
 As swift as Lightning flashing from the Skies,
 Or as the glances of her brighter Eyes;
 Her circling Arms upon his neck she flung,
 And with fixt Kisses on his Lips she hung.
 A while the Transport of the present Joys,
 All Thought of future or of past'd destroys
 But when her Flame (by Grief more raging
 (made)
 By softest Dalliance was in part allay'd;
 Reflecting on her Dream she silence broke,
 And sighing thus th' enticing Goddess spoke
 'Forbear too heedless Youth at length forbear,
 'Nor prosecute with Beasts an endless War,
 'Thy *Venus* do's in all the Danger share;
 'Or if alas thy too impetuous Mind
 'Is still to vig'rous Sylvan Sports inclin'd;

At least dear Youth (regardful in your Way) ·
 Avoid with Care each furious Beast of Prey: ·
 Ne'er arm'd with Lance provoke the foamy ·
 Boar, ·
 And fly the Lyons most affrightful Roar; ·
 From the rough Bear's rude grasp oh swiftly run, ·
 The Leopard and the cruel Tiger shun; ·
 All rav'nous Creatures which in Blood delight, ·
 And with dire Haunts disturb the quiet Night: ·
 What can secure thee from their dreadful ·
 Harms? ·
 No Sense of Love their Savage Nature charms. ·
 Oh then with utmost Caution these avoid, ·
 Least all my Joy shou'd be with thee destroy'd. ·
 But coursing keep the fleetful Buck in view, ·
 Or o'er the Heaths the tim'rous Hare pursue; ·
 Still let Delight (with Safety mixt) suffice, ·
 And ne'er approach where horrid Danger lies:

' But ah most happy and secure to live,
 ' To Love and me thy tender Minutes give.
 ' I nor with *Juno* covet boundless reign,
 ' Nor seek with *Pallas* on the fatal Plain,
 ' Such Triumphs such dire Victories to gain,
 ' Nor with *Diana* do the Chace pursue,
 ' Or use those Sports so fondly sought by you.
 ' In Love dear Youth I all my Care employ,
 ' Which yields the truest and sublimest Joy:
 ' This is the sole Diversion of my Hours,
 ' And let it be dear lovely Youth of yours:
 ' Let's bid to ev'ry vainer Thing adieu,
 ' You only bless'd in me and I in you.

Then close in her's his melting Hand she press'd
 Perswasive Looks and Kisses plead the rest.

But ah no soft Endeavours can controul,
 The Headstrong Sallies of a roving Soul;

Still

Still in his Thoughts the wild Infection reigns,
 His Freedom he prefers to her celestial Chains;
 Nor to the fairest Goddess yields his Mind,
 Hating to be on any Terms confin'd.
 But to his Sports flies from her tempting Arms,
 Heedless of her Advice and all her Charms:
 And now again his wild Delight renews,
 And obstinately bent his fatal Will pursues;
 When in the Chace a fierce and grisly Boar
 (Disasterous Chance!) did fair *Adonis* gore,
 Fixt in his Iv'ry Thigh a gashly Wound,
 Thro' which his Soul a ready Passage found:
 And now he lies extended on the Grass,
 And her prophetic Dream is come to pass.
 Which when the Goddess heard her mighty
 Wo,

What Art of Tongue or Pen can fully shew?

A

A Thousand times and more she wish'd to dye,
 And curs'd the Gift of Immortality,
Adonis (all her Comfort) in the Grave,
 What Int'rest can she in the Blessing have?
 She of her tedious time no use can make,
 Unless 'tis in lamenting for his sake.

The

The Disagreement.

R Eason and Love within my Breast

A doubtful Combat try'd ;

Contending which shou'd rule me best,

Each other they defy'd.

That I may safe and happy prove,

To which shall I encline ;

Thy Laws too cruel are oh Love,

And Reason so are thine.

While you in joynt Commission sit,

How well the Mind is guided ?

But ah what dire Distraction's met,

Where ye are thus divided ?

Ye

Ye Pow'rs for poor deluded us,

Such Plagues why do ye find?

Those Things still separating thus,

Which should be ever joy'd.

A doubtful Combat try'd;

Contending which should rule the best

Each other they desire

That I may safe and happy prove

To which shall I incline;

Thy Laws too cruel are to love

And Reason to me strange

While you in joynt Commission sit

Upon Well the Mind is guided?

But ah what dire Distraction's met

Where ye are thus divided?

Upon Drinking a Glass of Bur-
gundy.

Fill me a Glass that I may strait prepare,
To raise new Joy abolish all my Care,
And learn with each vexatious Thing to bear;
Fantastic Fops and Knaves exalted Fates,
And wise and Honest Men's dejected States;
Those frantic Chances which I daily see,
In frantic Times that touch my Friend or me.
And even (what's my Soul's severest Pain)
The dire Reflection of my Nymph's disdain;
This is the Charm that's sure to please me
still,
This is the Cure for each afflicting Ill;

To

To him who thee (prevailing Juice) enjoys,
 Troubles and Cares are unafflicting Toys,
 Thou still do'st settle and compose the Mind,
 Heedless of ev'ry Cross while thou art kind.

To raise new Joy abolish all my Grief,
 And learn with each vexatious Thing to bear;

And while and Honest Men's dejected State;
 Those frantic Chances which I daily see,

And even (what's my Soul's severest Pain)

The dire Reflection of my Nymph's disdain;
 This is the Charm that's sure to please me

On

This is the Cure for each afflicting Ill

On Ovid.

H Armonious *Naso* my Delight and Care,
 Pride of our Sex and Darling of the
 Fair;

What Rapture thy delicious Charms impart,
 Free from the false Assistances of Art;
 Thus Beauty of it self inflames Desire,
 Nor needs the pompous Aid of vain Attire,
 So lov'ly you appear, — so form'd to please,
 Such Sweetness graceful Negligence and Ease
 Inform your Lines! Such Ravishment we find,
Cupid and *Phæbus* sure in thee combin'd,
 At once to soften and improve Mankind.
 With Magic Force you captivate the Soul,
 And all her unresisting Pow'rs controul;

As

As you incline still readily we move,
 To Grief, to Joy, to Anger and to Love ;
 Transported from our selves, our selves we
 loose,
 Foll'wing the Wand'rings of your tempting
 Muse.

Yet some report thy choice melodious Song
 Is tedious oft and dull because too long ;
 Alas how dully false? can justly he
 Impertinent be thought who talks like thee?
 Or what rude Guest to a free Host denies,
 To share himself the Bounties he supplies :
 So *Philomel* (but scarce in Strains so sweet)
 Do's in nocturnal Shades her Songs repeat,
 While Echo joyns in the delicious Moan,
 And with her Sorrow charm'd suspends her
 own ;

Ev'n

Ev'n she her self on her own Musick doats,
 And warbles o'er and o'er her pleasing Notes;
 No Sleep can on her watchful Eyes prevail,
 But all the Night she lengthens out her Tale.

C

The

*The Frog to the Fly.**In Praise of Sobriety.*

THE Fly once in a merry Mood over his Cups was pleas'd to beat up the Frog's Quarters, — to drag him from his peaceful Seat, and expose and ridicule him before all his Company; — and by getting upon his Shoulders, wou'd have made himself appear (little as he is) some topping and considerable Creature.

Now the Frog, tho' but little dispos'd to quarrelling (being naturally a harmless sober Fellow) yet provok'd by such ignominious Usage; and having as he imagins so fair and just a Cause withal, (to detect the Vanity of the little luxurious Animal, and confirm those who are as soberly and gravely dispos'd as himself) has thought fit to return this suitable Answer.

Thus spake the Frog of the Pool to the Fly,

Who sat in the Wine-Pot tipling by;

Pernicious Bacchus I despise,

Tho' sparkling like a Lady's Eyes;

Who

Who love it must their Fondness rue,
 Like them alas 'tis fatal too ;
 (Author of ev'ry Mischief) hurl'd
 By angry Gods to scourge the World:
 But kind and courteous Water cures
 Those Evils Man from Wine endures :
 Wine ever is in Vengeance sent,
 But Water's purer Element
 For gen'ral Use for gen'ral Good,
 It clears the Brain nor harms the Blood.

Thus spake the Frog, &c.

The Wise (when e'er like me retir'd)
 Are with celestial Thoughts inspir'd ;
 While vain and empty Fops like thee,
 From Crowd and Tumult never free ;
 Make still forbidden Things their Choice,
 Are ever buzzing, full of Voice ;

Railing (when fill'd with frantic Wine)

At matters regal and divine :

I meddle not like them, with Kings,

No politick nor dang'rous Things ;

This little Water I command,

And let who's will possess the Land.

Thus spake the Frog, &c.

Where e'er presumptuous thou do'st come,

With stinking Breath and nauseous Hum ;

Thy courteous Usage do's impart,

How welcome and belov'd thou art :

If on raw Flesh you meanly prey,

The Flap a dire Reward do's pay ;

Or if to daintier Fare you pass,

Your sweetest Meat has sower Sauce.

Each luscious Sup and tender Bit,

Your Neck you must expose to get :

Learn

Learn sober Things like me to prize,
Rash Ideot, and be safe and wise,

Thus spake the Frog, &c.

Upon each fragrant grassy Bed,
I rest my Limbs and lay my Head,
From Neighbouring Dike when I repair,
To court and kifs my Mistriss Air;
Tho' hoarse my Voice, my Breath is sweet,
For wholesome is my Drink and Meat;
Thy Pipes (if ever good) lewd Wine
Has crack'd, and made as harsh as mine,
Chast Water 'tis refines the Voice,
And truly makes the Heart rejoyce:
The Birds with Water wet their Throats,
And what has sweeter merrier Notes?

Thus spake the Frog, &c.

Pure shady Streams I like the best,
 There by my self securely rest ;
 With vexing Buz and empty Prate
 I wander not to tempt my Fate ;
 Ne'er idly chuse like thee to roam,
 Content with what I find at home ;
 Weak restless Sot didst thou but know,
 Whence real Joys and Raptures flow :
 Thou even *Rome's* imperial Throne,
 (If thou such mighty Pow'r didst own)
 Like *Dioclesian* would'st resign,
 For such a quiet Seat as mine.

The Four Ages of the World from Ovid's
Metamorphosis Lib. 4th.

The Golden Age.

First was the Golden Age, which uncom-
pell'd

All Faith and Right in a due Ballance held;

Fear and inflicted Pain were absent then,

No Bolts nor Fetters loaded guilty Men;

The peaceful Crowd no Juge's Rigour need,

All Safty did from their just Minds proceed,

As yet the Pines their lofty Stations keep,

Nor foreign Shores to view descend upon the
deep.

Each Mortal's Knowledge and contented Mind

Were in the Limits of his Land confin'd;

Untaught by Avarice their Goods to share,
 All Things were common as the Light and
 Air.

No Nations yet by Art had fixt their Bounds,
 No roaring Drums, nor Trumpets shriller
 Sounds

Put Mans astonish'd Mind in dire Suspence
 No Armour yet was fram'd for his Defence,
 Nor Sword contriv'd --- of all Contention void
 Soft Rest and Quiet every Land enjoy'd :

As yet no Tool Earth's peaceful Surface tore
 But unprovok'd she gave her bounteous Store
 Well satisfy'd with kind Nature brought,
 When Hunger call'd her ready Fare they
 fought :

What Fruits upon the lofty Mountains grow
 Or what the lib'ral Plains with Ease bestow

Spring

Spring was eternal then -- sweet *Zephyrus* blew,
 On Flowers which from no Seeds assistance
 grew ;

And cherisht with his Breath the beauteous
 store,

Then fruitful Earth a constant Burthen bore.

Fields unrenew'd incessant Harvest yield,

Each Place whole Floods of Milk and Nectar

fill'd,

And luscious Honey from the Oak distill'd.]

The Silver Age.

When *Saturn* from th'imperial Realms above
 Was forc'd t' infernal Shades by conquering

Jove,

The Silver Age succeeding then took place,

Nobler than Brass, and yet than Gold more

base,

Great

Great Jove the Spring's continual Durance
chang'd,

In four successive Parts the Seasons rang'd.

Then first the Fire's needful Use was found,

And the bleak Northern Winds severely wound;

Then each to some kind Mansion did repair,

For friendly Shelter from th' inclement Air;

The lowly Caves their mean Abodes became,

Or Turfs and Twigs and Roots compos'd

their Frame;

Then first for Seed the yielding Earth was

broke,

And Bullocks groan'd beneath the pressing Yoke.

The Brazen Age.

The Brazen Race succeeds, with fiercer Mind

Endew'd, and more to dreadful Arms inclin'd.

Not wicked yet ———

and The

The Iron Age.

——— Hard Iron is the last,
 And now all Hope, all Sense of Goodness pass'd;
 Headlong on each Impiety they run,
 Shame, Truth, and Faith, unhappy Mortals shun.
 For which succeeding Violence remain,
 Design, and Fraud, and fatal Love of Gain:
 This was the Time when Man's advent'rous
 Mind,
 (Tho' yet unskill'd) dar'd trust the faithless
 Wind;
 And Trees which long on Mountains safely grew,
 Now dubious Ways on dang'rous Seas pursue;
 The wary Measurer takes a larger Round,
 And in a mighty Compass marks his Ground.

Nor

Nor satisfi'd with that abundant Store,
 The plenteous Earth on her kind Bosom bore;
 Into her Bowels barb'rously they go,
 To search for Wealth whence all Distractions
 flow :

(Which careful Nature prudently with-held,
 And near the Stygian Shades from Mortal
 Eyes conceal'd.)

Now Iron and more hurtful Gold appear,
 Each equally the Nurse of cruel War;
 Rapin and lawless Force each Place invade,
 The doubtful Guest is of his Host afraid :
 Falsehood with Intimates and Friends prevails,
 And Brethren's Grace and mutual Kindness
 fails.
 The Marriage State perpetual Discord knows,
 Step-mothers direly mix the baneful Dose :

Th'

Th' impatient Heir his ling'ring Sire do's hate,
And wishes his short Time a shorter Date ;
(All Piety o'erthrown) to native Skies,
From Earth imbru'd with Blood *Asraa* flies.

On Human Condition.

LET him who covets to be blest'd and wise,
 Receive what these instructive Rules
 comprize;

Not wholly on Delight or Business fix,
 But both (as Fate allows) discreetly mix;
 Fly Trifles, still pursue the noblest End,
 Be choice in thy Diversion and thy Friend:
 In study be thy Care and Conduct such,
 As not to think too little nor too much;
 Try well the Knowledge of thy self to find,
 And seek the useful Knowledge of thy Kind.

The

The Request.

WHatever State of Life is doom'd for me;
 Let Liberty and Health my Portion
 be;

To these ye Pow'rs a Competency give,
 From pressing Want alone secure to live:

Let Reason o'er each Passion still preside,
 And Reason's self let sage Experience guide?

If Grief I must inevitably know,
 (For who alas is ever free from Wo?)

Let it (to ease my Mind) from Heav'n pro-
 ceed,

Nor spring from Folly or my guilty Deed:

Free me from needless Doubt, from needless
 Care,

Vain soothing Hope, tyrannical Despair;
 Let

Let me Defence against Ambition find,
 And Love, that great Disturber of the Mind ;
 I mean when e'er to fierce Extreams it moves,
 And to all needful Rule rebellious proves :
 Each loose Desire I freely then disclaim,
 Mistress ----- a Poison harbours in that Name.
 But since ye Pow'rs a good or graceless Wife
 Is the chief Blessing, or the Plague of Life ;
 Direct my Chance the better sort to find,
 One that is affable, discreet, and kind :
 And oh ye Heav'nly Pow'rs (to crown the
 Prize)

Let her be humble and without Disguise.
 For Truth and sweet Humility controul,
 Our vain Desires---and fix the roving Soul ;
 Still charm'd with these our Inclination stays,
 When ev'ry outward Grace and Charm decays.

Me

*Me vero primum dulces ante omnia Musæ. Virg.
Quarum sacra fero ingenti percussus Amore,
Accipiant.*——

YE glorious Nine, who my fixt Thoughts
engage,

And with your Graces fire my ravish'd Mind;

Oh make me in Return your choicest Care,

And yield to my importunate Desire.

Come then, and lead me to the sacred Hill,

Give me to taste of your inspiring Stream:

Exalt my Fancy, make my Judgment sure,

And by your more peculiar Grace unfold,

What to the duller Part of Human-kind's
unknown.

Truth (veild by Pow'r, Fortune, Interest) show,

And teach me how to know her heavenly Form

Thro' ev'ry various Drefs and each Disguise,

Coy Nature with Advantage to pursue;

D

And

And Reason thro' each dubious Maize to trace,
 Shew me the Humours of each Sex and Age;
 What Things and why, their wand'ring Mind
 seduce ;

How Folly often blindly hits the Mark,
 While the best aims malicious Fortune spoils
 How Vice fair Virtue's Image often bears,
 And by what Aids of Circumstance and Time
 Why Man (directed by the brightest Light
 As in the Dark, as still without a Guide,
 Stumbles, and wanders, and mistakes his Way
 Or if the narrow Limits of my Sense
 Want Room the vast *Ideas* to contain,
 And these misterious Things (involv'd in doubt
 I cannot clearly and precisely know.

From anxious Thought and fruitless Toyl re-
 leas'd,

Obscurely plac'd, grant me my self t' enjoy ;

A lowly Cottage by a lofty Hill,
 At whose sweet Foot a murmuring Current
 falls ;

And whose fair Summit from afar presents,
 The dangerous Face of the tempestuous Main.
 How happy is that Man (of Business void,
 Still Master of himself and all his Time ;
 From Noise and Croud remov'd) who freely
 can,

With *Kent's* delicious Prospects feed his Eyes,
 It's pleasant Mountains and it's fertile Vales ;
 It's Heaths and Plains, with Flocks and Herds
 adorn'd ;

It's beauteous Meads by curling Streams em-
 brac'd :

There from Ambition, and each vain Desire :
 The Fears of want, and hopes of needless Wealth,
 With pleasant Books, and a reviving Glass,

Both at fit times and moderately us'd,
 With constant Health and a safe Conscience
 blest'd;

From all Restraint each peaceful Day possess,
 And pass without Concern his chearful Hours.

The Ladies Adieus.

Celia from Courts to Cottages retir'd,
 Enjoy'd the peaceful State her Soul desir'd.
 Thus highly pleas'd — yet pond'ring in her
 Mind,

How far (to Love and Tumult when confin'd.)
 She was from being so compleatly blest'd,
 In these few Words she eas'd her swelling
 Breast,

And with this just Concern her various
 Thoughts express'd.

How happy is my Fortune thus to be
 From Man and his vexatious Follies free;
 Untempted thus to pass my Hours away,
 Serene and chearful as a Summers Day:

Adieu, each vain Impertinence adieu,
 Which nauseous Custom do's oblige us to;
 Adieu ye vainer Part of Womankind,
 Still fond of Trifles, studiously inclin'd
 T' adorn the Body, yet neglect the Mind :
 Adieu ye spiteful busy Wits who vex,
 (With sharp Reproaches) our defenceless Sex;
 Who Satan like each cred'lous Wretch abuse,
 Then plague her for that Guilt which you
 infuse.
 Adieu ye glitt'ring Scenes of future Joys,
 Which flatt'ring Hope's fallacious Pencil draws;
 No more will I false Happiness pursue,
 All empty worldly Cheats for e'er adieu.
 Here in that Peace and Innocence I'll live,
 Which these blest Shades alone can truly give,
 Free from all worldly Aims, Disgrace, or Praise,
 And pass in calm Content my quiet Days.

The

The Muse.

WIng'd by the Muse, Man's Soul to
 Heav'n did rise,
 She taught her first to know her native Skies;
 Fill'd her unactive Frame with quickning Fire,
 Did with Morality and Zeal inspire.
 Religion's Nurse, and then her Guide became,
 And thro' the World led the mysterious Dame:
 With earthly Blessings then supremely stor'd,
 By Princes, cherisht by Mankind ador'd.
 If such vast Trophies once adorn'd her Brow,
 Why meets she this despiteful Treatment now?
 Why this Neglect for all her former Aid?
 Ah why is this ungrateful Usage paid?
 Slighted by all tho' of Celestial Race,
 But what's unfortunate is ever base!

In vain her Merit or high Birth she pleads,
 While poor, while clad in these disgraceful
 Weeds;

For while in Tatters thus obscenely shewn,
 She's so disguis'd alas! She's scarcely known?
 Turn then *Alexis* and the Charmer leave,
 Which now and ever will thy Aims deceive;
 Fly, fly, *Alexis*, happier Things pursue,
 And with thy Mistress quit her Fortune too.

Lucinda

Lucinda to Cloe.

The Argument.

Two Letters are suppos'd to be written by two Ladies of intimate Acquaintance to each other.

The first asserting that none but Men of Merit are worthy of the Conversation and Favour of Ladies; the other (building her Argument on the too confin'd and rigid Behaviour of such) seems to deny it; but at last agrees, that none beside ought to be allow'd their real Esteem or Regard.

Lucinda to Cloe.

Dear Cloe,

THE Sweets of our mutual Friendship and Society, using sometimes to be interrupted by some pretty Jars arising from a Contrariety of Opinions. I have great Hope (as well as a most fervent Desire) that all will be calm for the future between

us;

us ; having now a living Example to convince you, and make you intirely mine.

Oh how severely was I persecuted, by the nauseous Fops of the Age, and how much did my *Cloe* her self too contribute to it ? cruel as you were, (knowing how sincerely I loath'd and abominated those Creatures,) how could you make a Jest of your Friends Misfortunes ?

But (knowing that the recalling to mind old Injuries, is not the way to renew Friendship.) I'll e'en forget what is pass'd, and in true Christian Charity render you Good for Evil, in converting you to that Faith, which alone can be the means of your attaining a true Heaven upon Earth.

To be serious. — Know then that I have at last met with a Man whose Conversation and Acquaintance, I think not only tollerable, but to the Merit of which I am intirely devoted ; nor will my *Cloe* disapprove my Choice or wonder at it, when she understands 'tis the charming *Seraphon*. That sweet Epitome of the Virtues of all Mankind, in whom all both (their External and internal Graces) and Endowments most harmoniously cohabit !

And

And now my *Cloze*, as you cannot deny me greatly and durably bless'd, (what my Soul chiefly doats on and possesses, being so solid and so lasting) you must of Consequence allow the Vanity of whatever can arrive from those vain impertinent Creatures; (so opposite to this) which daily buz about your Ears, and are so apt to fly-blow your Reputation,

Alas can any Thing of Worth or Honour dwell in so mean an Habitation as one of those Animals? Nor know they how to admire any thing but themselves.

Are they capable of discerning Virtue? How then should they love it?

Whatever some of our Sex may fondly think they only make us their Mirrours, and doat upon themselves in us, as they view their own fantastic Shadows reflected in our Bosoms,

Brush then away from you such light and vain Pretenders, who can justly deserve so small a Share in our Favour, and for a while center all your Felicity in your self, 'till as (Chance has brought to me) your
Merit

Merit shall attract to you such whose exalted
Properties of Mind may justly suit you,
when by imparting mutual Satisfaction and
Benefit, may ye raise your Joys to an Equality
with those of

Your (at present

more fortunate)

Lucinda.

Cloe

Cloe to Lucinda.

Respected Lucinda,

I Receiv'd your heroical Epistle, and (ren-
d'ring in the first Place all submissive
and due Thanks for your kind Wishes, Inten-
tions, and good Opinion of me;) with a
heartly Zeal congratulate your sublime Hap-
piness.

Strephon indeed is the only one of
the Sex, who ought to plead a Right to
Lucinda's Favour; and that the only Prize
which could fitly crown the Merit of so ac-
complish'd a Person; but I (who have
not in me the least Pretence to matters of so
lofty a Kind) contentedly fix my Heart on
meaner Things: Things which may be
found in the Croud of vulgar Souls, more
justly suiting my low pitch'd Merit, and in-
ferior Properties.

Were I indeed a *Lucinda* none but a *Strephon*
shou'd content me; but alas such as I am,
why wou'd the more worthy *Lucinda* rob
me of my little Satisfaction, by infusing in-
to me the vain Hopes of acquiring a greater?

Nor

Nor can I in the mean time center all my Happiness in my self, unblest'd with any of those exalted and self rewarding Virtues,

Oh what a Loss then shou'd I undergo, in complying with this your most difficult Advice? How many nice, pretty, pleasing Vanities must I bid an eternal Adieu to?

Oh what a Massacre of Sighs, Ogles, Songs, Masques, Balls, Serenades, and what else, wou'd your cruel Virtue make among us? What a severe Pennance must our poor Eyes and Ears (those Organs of our most entertaining Senses) be doom'd to?

Alas *Lucinda*, is not Virtue justly abandon'd in this Age, when it go's about thus to ruin and undo it?

Nor can I in the least fear a Damage to my Reputation, in indulging this general Humour: on the contrary, what Things solid, and meritorious, in their own downright Way can please, or gain Esteem among us, but are ever scorn'd themselves, when they scorn to put on an agreeable or an airy Dress.

Tis

'Tis true there are some few of a contrary Opinion ; but alas do's not Number still confound both Valour and Virtue?

Yet (notwithstanding all this Railery) such is my Affection to Peace, and my *Lucinda*. I am so well too converted, both by her Doctrine and Example, to the Worship of true Merit ; that (how much soever I may seem to have been affected with the foremention'd Trifles, which I must confess too many of our Sex make too seriously their Concern) you may assure your self, nothing but the real Image of it, shall ever stamp a firm or lasting Impression on the Soul of

Your most humble

Servant and Admirer

Cloe.

A

A Search after Truth.

BY what Time I was fit to act any thing considerable on the Stage of this World, I began to think what Part wou'd best become me.

It was not long before I pitch'd upon that of Truth, which I judg'd wou'd render me most acceptable both to God and Man.

Accordingly (for the Benefit of my Instruction,) I us'd my utmost Endeavours to procure her; and the first Search that I made (as the most probable Place) was in the Country.

There indeed I saw the Print of her Foot-steps, and had sometimes a faint Glance of her Person, but she appear'd so bare, so simple, and so auker'd, that I could by no means then think this was the Truth I sought for, or what cou'd possibly prove so glorious a Purchase as I had imagin'd her.

Thence

Thence I went to Courts, Cities, and other populous Places, hoping that amongst so great Quantities of People, some or other might have been in the Mind to entertain her; but there (as if all had unanimously combin'd to renounce her) I was worse to seek than before. With the Courtier she was out of fashion, with the Nobleman dishonourable, with the Gentleman unpleasant, and with the Tradesman unprofitable; the poor in general protested, that they could not get their Bread by her, and the Rich were ever complaining that she was troublesome and faucy.

Thinking that probably our Neighbours might treat her more civilly than we, I took a trip into that polite Country *France*; but heard there that the King having long since banish'd her his Presence, none of his Subjects in Complaisance to him wou'd ever after, afford her the least Countenance; besides, shou'd they do it, none of the near Nations they said, (and especially *England*) wou'd then perhaps think it worth their while any longer to imitate them.

But as a Lover in the pursuit of a coy Mistress is generally the more violent in his
E
course,

Course, the more Impediments he meets with in it, so I rather provok'd than check'd by these unhappy Crosses, began to think her only the more valuable, the greater or more difficult Price I was oblig'd to pay for her; nor (like a Lover still) could the dishonourable Reports I heard of her in her Absence, in the least lessen my Opinion of her good Qualities.

I was now therefore fully resolv'd to pursue her, tho' over the whole World, and accordingly (little less than so) made a voyage to the *East-Indies*; but alas, I then found I had gon so far, that I had left Conscience it self many Degrees behind me; and how cou'd I expect to find out the true Metal, were a Touchstone was wanting?

I made therefore what Dispatch I could back again, and (finding I was yet to learn) the next Search that I made, was in the Schools and Colleges; I enquir'd of those Sages the Philosophers, and examin'd the antient Records of Time. There indeed I got a pretty good Account of her, but it being so stale, 'twas little to my purpose; besides, I perceiv'd that Age or some Accident had

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had so dimm'd their Eyes, that they often mistook the Shadow for the Substance; however, thro' the Benefit of their grave Conversation, I began to have a more perfect Knowledge both of her Nature and Ways.

I understood now that she was not confin'd to any particular Place or People, but being a Spirit (and not a Body) indifferently took up her Habitation in the recesses of the Mind. I therefore made it my next Endeavour to search into all the Passions and Qualities of it. I found that Pride, Anger, Jealousy, Hatred, Envy, and all other mischievous Devils, which usually rang'd within it's Dominions, had as little ev'ry one of them to do with her, as they had with Reason. Grief (sadly complaining) told me, that she could never find her; in Love indeed, I heard she sometimes resided, but when she did, she generally found it too violent to contain her any considerable Time; and that she was liable to many Mischances in it; in Friendship they said, she was likely to be more constant and better settled, but alas, where was that it self at this Time to be found?

Among the rest I made a civil Enquiry into those Things call'd Ceremony, and Breeding, and wonder'd to see her Picture so highly priz'd, where her Person was so absolutely unknown.

Having travell'd a World of Words and Notions, with a search as fruitless as before, at last I met with a reverend old Gentleman call'd Experience, by whose Advice I left off to search for her in others, and enquir'd into my self by a strict Examination of my own Actions.

I had never as yet made Religion my Con-
veniency, nor a pious Pretence the Cloak of
any knavish Design: I prais'd no Man to un-
do him, nor on the contrary destroy'd any
one's Credit to establish my own upon
the Ruins of it. I had kiss'd no Man's Lips
whose Reputation I had murther'd, nor pro-
tested my self his Friend, to whom I had
been false and fatal. I had never as yet set
my Friend to Sale, or my Conscience to Hire.
I had sworn no Tradesman out of his Dues,
nor a credulous Girl out of her Maiden-
head.

In fine, I found my self free from most of the fly hypocritical Deceits of Age, or the open boasted Privileges of Youth; the nauseous blunt Follies of Custom, or the cunning Quirks and Quibbles of the Law.

Concluding therefore by the Premises that I had surely now my End, I thought it in vain to reflect on my past Troubles and Misfortune; but on the contrary was very glad, I had at last any where, or on any Conditions obtain'd her, and not a little proud too in the Conceit of it. I went and offer'd her to the Fair, and to the Great, being the readiest Way (as I thought) to advance my self to Joy and Honour.

But alas, to the Fair Sex, she was become so great a Stranger, and (of late especially) so little known, that they wou'd by no means entertain her in their Service; and the Grandees were so highly affronted at her free Appearance, that my Throat had like to have been cut for a Reward of my Presumption.

Thus to my great Grief and Amazement, I found her rejected by each and my self the more universally despis'd for her sake.

With a heavy Heart I repair'd to my Friends, Relations, and intimate Acquaintance, yet hop'd, that they at least (being unprejudic'd) would afford us some Countenance; but alas they too only laugh'd at me for my Pains, telling me plainly, that tho' Truth for meer Convenience was not at all Times to be absolutely rejected; yet wanting the Pomp of Riches to set her off, she was of Course never to expect any extraordinary Veneration; and that a commodious Dissimulation for her was the likeliest to advance my Credit and Fortune in the World, and ever procure me the best Entertainment in it.

A Reflection on the foregoing.

THO' the little Tricks and Artifices of the World afford many seeming Advantages, by which means they gain so great a Sway over ignorant and deprav'd Minds. Yet the Wise or Generous ought never to abandon Truth, not only because sometimes she may prove their best and truest Friend: But because at all times (with

(with discreet Management) he is capable
at least of bestowing the Blessings of the
choicest Companion, *viz.* Security and Sa-
tisfaction.

Of the pleasant Plains of Arcadia,
whose enamell'd Fields and Meadows
are ever blooming with the choicest of cu-
rious Flowers; there ranges a little People
(of great and daring Spirits) call'd Bees;
among whom there was one that Nature
had endow'd with a far larger Portion than
the rest. He was call'd in Wealth, and
Dignity with the richest and greatest of
his kind; but nevertheless satisfied, be-
cause his chief Pleasure in the Purchase of
extraordinary Things, that he might easily
have known that the greatest Pleasure of
them is previously enjoy'd in the bare im-

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The

*The Story of the ambitious
Bee.*

O'er the pleasant Plains of *Arcadia*,
whose enamell'd Fields and Meadows
are ever blooming, with the choicest of cu-
rious Flowers ; there ranges a little People
(of great and daring Spirits,) call'd Bees ;
among whom there was one that Nature
had endow'd with a far larger Portion than
the rest. He was equal in Wealth and
Dignity, with the richest and greatest of
his Kind ; but nevertheless unsatisfied, pla-
cing his chief Felicity in the Purchase of
extravagant Things ; tho' he might easily
have known that the greatest Relish of
them is previously enjoy'd in the bare Ima-
gination.

In fine, what e'er was curious, high, or plea-
sing, he most industriously endeavour'd to
acquire : and when even cloy'd, was still
racking his Mind, in finding out fresh occa-
sion for further Inquietude : ever supposing
what was yet unattain'd to be the most
desirable.

While

While he was thus in this restless Pursuit of Things, it happen'd that the lov'ly *Sylvia* Queen of *May*, (coming on it's celebrated Day to see those Pastimes, which were obsequiously to be presented to her) took her Seat in a Grove, the frequent Haunt of this ambitious Animal.

No sooner had he descry'd the beauteous Nymph, but the most unaccountable of Projects possess'd his Brain, in his usual Vein fancying some wond'rous Blessing must arrive in the purchase of so uncommon a Thing as a Woman's Love, beside the vast Renown which he must necessarily obtain, by so gallant so glorious an Acquisition. Oh how beneficial (concludes He) must it be, but particularly agreeable and charming; for I have heard the Poets say, in the whole Garden of the Universe, there grows not so sweet or so delightful a Flower, as lov'ly Woman.

What will not self-conceit (confirm'd by constant Prosperity) induce vain Mortals to believe? On what slight Probability, what faint glimm'ring Appearance of Things, will not Ambition propose to it self a certain and a glorious Success?

He

He knew himself pretty, facetious, and full of honey Expressions, a Courtier almost by Nature, most absolutely and readily furnish'd (thro' continual Practice) with all the outward Graces of inviting Ceremony; and what an Ascendant these Qualities had in particular over Women, Report had sufficiently inform'd him.

Thus (fill'd with false Hope) he cou'd scarce contain himself from immediately revealing the Raptures of his Breast, yet considering that Noise and Tumult, were improper to accompany the Dictates of soft Love: He resolv'd (tho' with much Impatience) to wait the imagin'd Blessing of a fitter Opportunity.

It was not long before the wish'd for Opportunity arriv'd, for *Sylvia* (tir'd with the ridiculous Pastimes of the Day, which for the cause of trifling Ceremony, she was compell'd to suffer, tho' her more exalted Mind could have no Relish in them;) stole alone abroad in the Evening, to tast the refreshing Sweetness of the vernal Air, and give a loose to her Thoughts, equally o'er harrass'd by the vain Impertinences of fantastic Company.

As

As she was walking by the Banks of a delightful River, pleas'd with the various Harmony of its melancholly Murmurs, and the conjoyn'd sprightly Notes of the ayerial Quire; the little Animal began his fatal Address, thinking (by all outward Circumstances,) her Mind now calmly compos'd, and ready to receive the Impressions of Love.

Yet aw'd by the Majesty of her Countenance, and the Unusualness of the Action (tho' well assur'd) he dare not boldly and at once accost her, but cunningly by Degrees, by several antick Tricks tries to insinuate into her Favour.

Sometimes by sudden Trips and Turnings in the Air, decyphering before her Eyes the Figure of a Heart.

Sometimes cropping the Tops of various pretty, and sweet smelling Flowers, wantonly drops them into her Bosom; or on the Bark of a neighbouring Tree, traces those charming Letters which the *Trojan Paris* is said to have drawn before the beauteous *Spartan Queen*.

Sylvia (ignorant that so great a Design
cou'd

cou'd be contain'd in the Breast of so small a Creature) pleas'd with the Fancy of his sportful Humour; cast her Eye intently upon him and began to smile: which he vainly taking for an inviting Mark of her Favour, flies boldly to her, and fixes upon the Roses of her Cheek; when (both amaz'd and inrag'd, that a Bee should presume to that, which the most audacious Swain with awful Reverence declin'd) she rais'd her fair Hand, and with one Blow put an End (with his Life) to all his vain Desire.

The Moral.

We ought not on the Conceit of any Excellency in our selves, to aim rashly at any Thing vastly above us; least (like the Bee here) we find our Destruction, where we place the Opinion of our greatest Felicity.

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anc

*A Letter to a Young Gentleman.**Dear Friend,*

YOU are just now entering the Confines of War and Love, your Choice has appointed you the one, and your Destiny the other. Your Person, Years, and Endowments promise you fitly qualify'd for either, I wish you good Success, but I know that you have an unlucky Thing about you, call'd Modesty, which I fear will be apt to spoil your best Designs. Prithee (as much as is necessary) cast her off, for tho' she (indeed is and) has the good Fortune sometimes to be thought a pretty graceful Companion, yet let me tell you in these Matters, a Man gets but little advantage by having much of her Society.

Boldness we all know to be a convenient Quality in War, nor will the Experienc'd deny it to be so in Love. The Ladies are Sorts of Garrisons which must be briskly attack'd, a formal Siege will do but little, and 'tis in vain to think to starve them out; they

they are so well provided, nothing but storming will effect your Business.

Exert then your utmost Ability this Way, and let not Fools by this alone have the Precedence of you.

I am, &c.

The

The Battle of the Mice and Frogs.

Written just after the Battle of Almanza in Spain.

BY subtle Wiles a Politician Fox,
His Cub on a fair Isthmus had plac'd
To reign the Monarch of the Frogean Kind :
Nor long e'er Fame's prodigious Croak re-
veal'd,

The strange detested News to Micean Ears,
And fill'd with pond'rous doubt their troubl'd
Breasts,

Too well they knew Reynards destructive Mind.

And fear'd the Loss of their delicious Food:
(For they by frequent Traffic thither gain'd
Constant Supplies of choice and vallu'd Fare.)

For

For this and other Reasons they combine,
 By Force to drive the wasteful Cub away ;
 And fix upon his Throne the juster Heir,
 And now vast Preparations are begun ;
 Domestic Forces joyn'd with foreign Aid,
 From Prison each insolvent Micean freed
 To nobler Purpose must discharge his Dues :
 Many who never Rule or Order knew,
 To Order and strict Discipline are brought,
 For Booty some engage, and some for Fame ;
 Some truly are procur'd, and some trapan'd ;
Aleto from the neither Shades ascends,
 And deals among the Croud her direful Snakes.
 Each Breast is now with Indignation fir'd,
 Great Courages with equal Limbs combin'd ;
 Int'rest and high Repute at once pursue,
 To drive the Cub from his acquir'd Seat,
 And the deluded Frogeans to reduce,

Is now

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So justly

Is now the gen'ral Cry and gen'ral Aim ;
 Fitted for the tremendous vast Design,
 They wait the Favour of a Friendly Gale ;
 At length imbark'd they brush old Ocean's
 Face ;

And at the destin'd *Isthmus* arrive.

The Cub (provided for Defence) resolv'd
 To keep by Force what he by Fraud obtain'd,
 By Arms and by Possession, (firmest Right)
 He undertakes to plead his question'd Claim.

The Miceans (strong at Sea) insult the Coast,
 And some few Places of Importance gain ;
 Then landing, scour the Plains, the Hills
 ascend,

And enter far to meet the desperate Foe ;

Yet little was on either side perform'd,

So justly match'd, so politic, so brave,

F

Inflam'd

Inflam'd with Zeal each other to destroy;
 (As zealous too their Safety to preserve)
 They strive by Stealth to gain the Victor's
 Palm,
 And fly by Turns, and do by Turns pursue
 So at th' illustrious Game call'd Prison-base,
 When the young Heroes of the Schools com-
 tend;
 (In anxious Strife the Victory to gain)
 With loss of Breath the fierce Disputants pant
 Their Limbs are all with trickling Sweat be-
 dew'd,
 Beneath their Feet the tramp'd Earth re-
 sounds;
 Alternately the dusty Plain they cross,
 Then to their former Places all return.
 But now Recruits on either side obtain'd,

The Fo

The Miceans are resolv'd to push their Fate ;
 A double and a desp'rate Cause excites,
 Anger and Hunger lead their daring Troops :
 They (a voracious Race) in little Time
 Will eat up all the barren Region yields ;
 No longer dallying therefore they admit,
 But with united Strength approach the Foe.
 A Town is seated on a spacious Plain,
 Whose lofty Spires, which brav'd th' opposing
 Skies :
 Now on the Ground precipitately fall'n,
 Shew the just Fate of bold and impious Pride ;
 It's ruin'd Walls and it's demollish'd Domes,
 Of all commanding Time the Pow'r declare ;
 Fit Receptacle for the Micean Train :
 This more improperly the Frogeans hold,
 And here encamp'd they wait th' advancing

The Foe.

Now both the dreadful Armies are in view,
 Drawn up in proud Battalia on the Plain;
 The Miceans (tho' by tedious Toyl oppress'd)
 Compell'd by desp'rate Hunger to engage,
 To beat them or devour them hasten on,
 And pierce with joyful Shouts the yielding

Air :

Collected in their Might the Frogeans stand,
 And with undaunted Minds the Shock attend
 As two swift Streams in strong Rencontre
 met,

Each (mad to be obstructed) foams and roars
 Or (if small Things with great Resemblance
 hold)

As two fierce Bulls encount'ring in the Meads
 Each with the Love of beauteous Heifer fir'd
 (For Love and War have still the same Ef-
 fects,

And

And both alike to dire Destruction lead)
 They rage, they push, they spurn the suff'ring
 Ground,

And with redoubl'd Bell'wings rend the Skies.

So these fierce Armies furiously conjoyn'd,

The Face of Heav'n and of Nature change ;

The Earth now blushes at the barb'rous Rage

Of her own Sons, and groans with sad Remorse ;

Horror and Death and wild Distraction reign,

Gigantick Bodies strow the spacious Field ;

Fortune alike to both propitious seems,

The Miceans here, the Frogeans there suc-

ceed ;

But both with daring Souls alike inform'd ;

The Frogeans greater Number must prevail.

Well arm'd and mounted on their barbed

Crabs,

Sublime in State the croaking Warriors rode,
 In a deep Ditch in Ambuscade they lay,
 Their greater Number craftily conceal'd;
 From whence with most impetuous Force they
 rush,

The Miceans at the Crabs protended Claws,
 And hideous Form amaz'd, their Spirits fail
 Instead of well compacted Bodies now,
 They widely scatter o'er the fatal Field:
 Instead of pointed Lances, well address'd,
 With sharp Salute to welcome their Approach
 They turn their backs upon the furious Foe,
 And while they seek their Safety to procure
 Perversly all the Means of Safety loose.

Thus have I known at Sea some hopeful
 Youths,

(When Winds and Waves in furious Battle
 joyn'd,

Their

Their noble Sense by treacherous Fear debas'd :
 They wildly star'd, nor could they call to
 Mind,

How (of their threatn'd State the sure De-
 fence,)

The kind and the auspicious Gallows stood.
 An equal Fate their Cavalry endure,

Their Weasel Coursers whether-beat and few,
 Cannot the Crabs prodigious Force withstand ;

Nor to their shatter'd and declining Foot

Afford the needful Succour and Support ;

Confus'd alike promiscuously they fly ;

The Frogeans on their fiery Steeds pursue,

And trample down the Foe with barb'rous

Pride ;

No prostrate Micean's Life their Fury spares :

The wretched Miceans gasping on the Ground,

And parting now with their reluctant Souls,

On their dear Country think, and absent Loves,
 Many that us'd in shining Courts to sport,
 (Oh dismal Change!) lay sprauling on the
 Plain :

Rudely devested of their Silken Skins,
 Which were as Trophies by the Victors worn,
 Part 'scape by Flight, but far the greater
 Part,

To insure their Lives their tremble Bodies
 yield :

Now by their Foes in close Confinement pent,
 In Words they fight the Battle o're again ;
 And tho' the Frogeans Number was so great,
 Each was so brave, so politic, and wise ;
 That had he Gen'ral been, they'd won the
 Field.

Thus each a sev'ral Way, to his own Mind,

New

New methodize's each Design, and tells
 What shou'd have been omitted, what per-
 form'd.

But tho' in this they widely disagree,
 They all alike their hapless Fate bemoan,

Advice

Advice to Young Poets.

I Have heard of a fair Lady who has been delivered of a Child as black as Charcoal ; and on the contrary, I have heard of a Black, who brought forth one fair and very well featur'd.

Now these wonderful Productions were only the Resemblances of Pictures, which these two Females 'tis suppos'd, kept their Eyes or Minds very intently fixt on, during the time that they were pregnant. And indeed almost daily Observation may afford us Instances of the Strength of Imagination in Things of this Nature.

I would therefore advise all, whose Fancies are pregnant with Conceit, (least they shou'd be the Parents of Monsters or mishapen Brats, which they wou'd afterwards find just Cause to be asham'd of, an Accident pretty common at all times in this kind of Production) to cast their Eyes on the most remarkable Beauties of the late Ages, and from the most perfect Feature or Lineament of each of them, frame their Poetical Bantlings.

First

First then, I wou'd advise each to take
Cowley's Forehead, next *Oldham's* Eye, *Dryden's*
 Nose, *Rockester's* or *Sidley's* Mouth and Lips,
Denham's Chin, and (since the Ladies have
 sometimes excell'd, as well in their inward
 as outward Graces) *Orinda's* Cheeks.

To these by all means, if he is capable, let
 him add *Milton's* Head with *Waller's* Shape,
 and old gallant *Spencer's* Aspect and Mein.

The Child thus form'd and endow'd with a
 Competency of more modern Education ; me-
 thinks we may reasonably hope, that some Per-
 son (when 'tis expos'd to the World) for
 Pity, or for Shame, will provide for it.

F I N I S.

First then, **ERRATA**, next Oldham, Rev. Dr. ...

In the *Argument to the Story of Venus and Adonis*,
for *abando* read *abandon*. In the *Story of Venus*
and *Adonis*, page 14. l. 6. for *Passions* read *Passion*.
Page 16. in the lowermost Line but one, for *lastly* read
lately. P. 76. Line 2. for *truly* read *freely*. Line 12. for
neither read *nether*.

To these by all means, if the is capable for
and old gilliant ...

The Child thus found and endow'd with
Conficiency of more than Education; me-
thinks we may to hope, that some Per-
son (when 'tis expected to the World) for
Livy, or for Shamus, will provide for it.

